

GERMAN GUNS BUSY ON BRITISH BATTLE FRONT

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

BROTHERS IN ARMS: THE TRIBUTE OF THE POILU



A company of French soldiers salute the British troops who are marching through a village in Northern France.—(French official.)



British troops moving forward through a village.—(Official photograph.)



How "Tommy" takes his "joy rides."—(Official photograph.)



British troops building a barricade in a French village.—(Official photograph.)



French and British transport wagons side by side.—(Official photograph.)

The news from the battle front continues to be reassuring. The British line has been slightly advanced on the south bank of the River Somme east of Vaire-sous-Corbie.

North of the Somme a few prisoners and a machine gun were captured by us in the neighbourhood of Neuville Vitasse. The enemy's artillery has shown increased activity.

PREMIER'S CALL FOR MORE MAN POWER.

To-day's Historic Sitting of the House of Commons.

SHORTER CALLS UP.

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

The man-power plans of the Government will be laid before the House of Commons by the Prime Minister this afternoon.

All the main features of the eagerly-awaited Bill have already been foreshadowed by *The Daily Mirror*.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the precise interpretation of the proposal to call up men of military age up to fifty.

It is understood that the intention of the Government is to take powers to call up men who are not forty on the "appointed day." The "appointed day" will in all probability be about May 20 next, or, in other words, some four weeks after the passing of the Bill.

The provisions regarding tribunals may be found to be less drastic than was at first assumed.

The Government are determined to pass the Bill through the Commons this week, and with that end in view have mapped out the following programme:

To-day—First reading.

To-morrow—Second reading.

Thursday—Committee and Report stages.

Friday—Third reading.

The Bill is expected to pass through all stages in the Lords in three sittings and to receive the Royal Assent towards the end of next week.

LEADERS WHO WILL SPEAK.

The Prime Minister is expected to rise about half-past three this afternoon and he will be succeeded by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Dillon (the new Nationalist leader), Mr. Adair (the new Chairman of the Labour Party) and possibly Brigadier-General Paul Croft, the leader of the National Party.

The Irish leader's statement is expected with the keenest interest. Should the Government, as is anticipated, introduce the principle of compulsory military service in Ireland, to be

FACTS ABOUT SUGAR.

The Director of Sugar Distribution announces that:

It is not intended to reduce the weekly sugar ration in the early future.

In making special allotments of sugar for jam-making, no account will be taken of sugar saved out of the weekly ration and that such sugar will not be regarded as hoarding.

Supplementary Meat Rations.—Heavy manual workers are to have a supplementary meat ration (other than the butchers' meat or pork), and cards for this purpose will be issued.

enforced hereafter by Order in Council or Proclamation, there are likely to be some vigorous protests from the Irish benches.

Seven Days Call-Up.—The Ministry of National Service has informed trade unions that in view of the military situation the Government has decided it is necessary to reduce the length of notice in calling men up for service from fourteen to seven days. This decision, it is added, will be announced in the House of Commons.

Response of the Clergy.—The Bishop of Taunton referred to the fact that the clergy up to fifty years of age were now to be called on to serve. It was, he said, a right and necessary call and he had no doubt they would respond willingly and loyally.

Irish Exemption.—An official notice was posted yesterday on a Labour Exchange at Limerick intimating that no further workers must be sent to England save agricultural labourers and that all exemption cards were withdrawn.

PAPER HUNS CANNOT SUPPRESS.

For three and a half years, says Reuter, the Germans have vainly prosecuted the little paper *Libre Belgique*.

Two months ago, two priests, Denis and Martin, were arrested on the charge of publishing the journal, but as on previous occasions the arrest of the supposed editors did not prevent the paper from appearing, the Germans would not, however, admit their failure, and one of the accused priests has now been condemned to death.

THE KING'S SYMPATHY.

When the inquest was held last night on Richard Fryers and Herbert Greenwood, who were killed by the explosion of a damaged shell in a Government store, the following telegram was read from Mr. Winston Churchill:

"The King commands me to express his deep regret at the accident, and asks that an expression of his sympathy may be conveyed to the relatives."

BELGIAN RELIEF SHIP MINED.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The Belgian relief ship *Comte Desmat* de Naeve, outward bound, was mined in a tree lane off the Dogger Bank. Twelve were killed and seven saved and taken to Rotterdam. The vessel sank.

CHIEF OF THE W.A.A.C.s.

The Queen Honours Corps as Appreciation of Bravery in France.

COMMANDANT-IN-CHIEF.

WAR OFFICE, Monday.—As a mark of her Majesty's appreciation of the good services rendered by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps both at home and abroad since its inauguration, and especially of the distinction which it has earned in France by its work for the armies during the recent fighting on the western front, the Queen has been graciously pleased to assume the position and title of Commandant-in-Chief of the corps, which in future will bear the name of Queen Mary's Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

"There can be no doubt," said an official of the corps yesterday, "that the Queen wished to set a seal upon her approval and admiration of the W.A.A.C.s' work, and to mark by a definite and gracious act her satisfaction with the excellent report brought back from France by the special commissioner."

STRONGEST EXPLOSIVE.

Shocks for Society of Arts Audience as Lecturer Burns T.N.T.

"Nitro-glycerine, discovered in 1848, is still the most powerful explosive in practical use," said Mr. James Young, chief instructor in science at the R.M.A., Woolwich, in a lecture at The Society of Arts yesterday on "Military Explosives."

Mr. Young in his experiments gave some of the more nervous ones shocks. "This is the ferocious T.N.T. Terrible stuff," he said as he held some of it in a flame. The front rows, if an artillery officer he expected, averted their heads, but the terrible stuff only fizzed out.

BUSY SPRING OFFENSIVE.

Many Women Paper and White-wash Their Own Homes.

Spring cleaning is proceeding under war conditions. An army of housewives is at work in London. Some women have discovered they have a talent for amateur plumbing and decorating. Some suburban oil and colour shops are lending women material for effecting minor repairs.

The average outlay for papering a small room is: Four rolls of paper at 1s. 8d. per roll, 8s. 8d.; a pound packet of flour and size, 6d.; paste-brush, 2s. 2d.; inclusive charge, 9s. 4d.

THE NIZAM HONOURED.

Hyderabad's Ruler and India's Loyalty to the Empire.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, replying to Sir Stuart Fraser, said yesterday that "officers invested him with the G.B.E., the rank of lieutenant-general and the title of His Exalted Highness, took the opportunity of expressing his feelings of loyalty and gratitude."

He had been proud, he said, as the head of the Muslims in India and as heir to the proud title of "Faithful Ally" of the British Government, to follow the traditions of his ancestors.

DOGS IN GAS MASKS.

Terriers Which Carry Dispatches and Act as Sentries.

Dogs are now being trained for service at the front by an expert of world-wide fame as a trainer of police and war dogs.

Mr. Johns, secretary of the National Canine Defence League, said yesterday that "officers and 'Tommys' have unofficially used dogs so much in connection with the Red Cross, as for work in the trenches and in No Man's Land, as sentries, dispatch carriers and guards."

Airedales and Irish terriers are specially used, as they are so highly intelligent and can signal the approach of the Germans long before they can be seen, owing to their keen sense of hearing and extraordinary instinct.

"These dogs wear gas masks, and they frequently get killed or wounded."

£10,000 GIFT TO HELP BEAT HUNS.

The first day's proceeds of the Red Cross sale, which opened at Christie's yesterday, amounted to £6,674 17s. The South African Red Cross has just sent a gift of £10,000 to the British Red Cross to assist in meeting expenditure in connection with the present enemy offensive.

TRAGEDY OF OFFICER'S HOMECOMING

A sad shooting accident occurred at Leith yesterday. According to police information, an officer returned from France to his home, and was sitting at the bedside talking to his wife, when an automatic pistol which he held accidentally went off.

The bullet passed through his wife's body and wounded their child. The wife died almost immediately. The child was conveyed to hospital.

SOVIETS' PROTEST.

Tchitcherine and the Brito-Japanese Landing at Vladivostok.

FIERCE SIBERIAN TALK.

Official confirmation has been received by both British and Japanese quarters that Japanese and British bluejackets have been landed at Vladivostok, says Reuter. Admiral Kato landed between 200 and 300 bluejackets and the British bluejackets.

M. Tchitcherine, the Acting Commissary for Foreign Affairs (who was for a time interned in Brixton Prison), protested against the "invasion," and said that the only solution of the situation was the immediate removal of the detachments that had been landed.

The United States representatives—according to the Bolshevik semi-official account of the proceedings—said his Government was opposed to the Japanese action, the French representative said it was a "police measure," and the British representative said foreign intervention would be contrary to British intentions, and the landing was the result of local complications.

The Siberian Soviet has protested that the "insignificant incidents are such as may happen at any time," that "the counter-revolution will be mercilessly crushed," "marital law declared in Siberia," and "the revolutionary staffs are to organise the defence of the revolution against Imperialist invasion."

Official Tokio telegrams state that armed bands pillaged the premises of Japanese business houses and three Japanese were killed. Some of the attacks were almost certainly perpetrated by German prisoners, says another Tokio message.

'CONCILIATION DIFFICULT'

Mr. Henderson on the Effect of Germany's Big Offensive.

"The offensive on the western front, following the shameful treatment of Russia, makes settlement by conciliation very difficult, for it clearly proves that Prussian militarism, which is organised brutality, is seeking to gratify its lust for world domination."

Thus spoke Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., last night at the annual meeting of the London Wesleyan Mission.

The Kaiser and his war lords, by this latest attack had united the British people, had drawn them together in a consecrated and determined effort in order that they might secure the destruction of militarism.

KAISER INSPECTS THE GUN

Giant Cannon Which Sends Shell to Paris in 183 Seconds.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Herr Karl Rosner, the war correspondent, writing in yesterday's *Lokal-Anzeiger*, says:—

"On March 23 the Kaiser inspected the giant gun which is bombarding Paris."

It is said to be like an enormous grey crane than a real gun.

"On March 23 it fired a shorter distance than

POTATO TOWNS.

Every city, town and village in the country is striving each week to increase the number of allotments in its borders. In the week ending March 31, 1,332 new plots were taken up in Nottingham. Huddersfield is second with 1,000 new allotments, and Colchester is third with 700.

To stimulate further efforts *The Daily Mirror* is offering £750 in cash prizes to amateur potato growers in allotments, private and school gardens as follows:—

First prize...	£500	Fourth prize...	£25
Second prize...	100	Fifth prize...	10
Third prize...	50	Sixth prize...	5

Start planting potatoes to-day.

this, and the projectile took exactly 183 seconds to reach Paris, its objective,"—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday.—In Saturday's bombardment of Paris there were no casualties,—Reuter.

It is officially announced that the report that one of the German long-range guns burst on March 25 is confirmed, and that a lieutenant and nine men were killed.

STOLE SOLDIERS' PARCELS.

At the Guildhall yesterday Horatio Smith, forty, a lance-corporal of the Welsh Regiment, attached to the postal section of the Royal Engineers, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for stealing a number of postal packages from the sorting department of the G.P.O. Alderman William Dunn, in sentencing Smith, said: "You have placed yourself guilty to a very contemptible act—stealing parcels sent to your comrades fighting for their country."

CLERGYMAN WINS THE M.C.

The latest issue of the *London Gazette* states that the Rev. E. V. Tanner has been awarded the M.C. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

When an aid post was shelled during an attack and received two direct hits, his coolness and cheerfulness greatly helped to prevent a panic.

"ADVANCE OR FALL WHERE YOU STAND."

General Currie's Thrilling Order to Canadians.

"I TRUST YOU."

"Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance, or fall where you stand facing the enemy."

Such was the stirring phrase in the special order issued by Lieutenant-General Sir A. W. Currie, K.C.B., commanding the Canadian Corps, on March 27.

The text of the order is as follows:—

"By an endeavour to reach an immediate decision the enemy has gathered all his forces and struck a mighty blow

at the British Army. Overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, the British divisions in the line between the Scarpe and the Oise have fallen back fighting hard, steady and undiminished."

"Measures have been taken successfully to meet this German onslaught. The French have gathered a powerful army commanded by a most able and trusted leader, and this army is now moving swiftly to our help, and fresh British divisions are being thrown in."

"The Canadians are soon to be engaged. Our motor-machine-gun brigade has already played a most gallant part, and once again covered itself with glory."

"YOU WILL NOT DIE."

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realise that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way."

"Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy."

To those who fall, I say, 'You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'

"Canadians! In this fateful hour I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought, with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage."

"On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome this enemy. With God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

(Signed) A. W. CURRIE, Lieut.-general Commanding Canadian Corps."

£100 FINE FOR A FARTHING

Glasgow Bakers Who Charged for Wrapper on Loaf.

A fine of £100 was imposed at Glasgow yesterday on the City Bakers' Ltd., for selling a 1lb. loaf at 23d. instead of 24d.

Respondents said the farning was for the wrapper.

The sheriff said if bakers were allowed to charge for paper they could ask any preposterous price.

NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Rhonda steadily improves in health.

Earl's £362,050.—The Earl of Portsmouth left £262,050 and bequeathed £1,000 to Sir George Cave.

War Weapons Week.—Edinburgh and Glasgow yesterday started their "War Weapons Week."

9,000,000lb. of Tea.—Nearly 9,000,000lb. of National Control Tea were balloted for at Mincing-lane yesterday.

Great Footballer Dead.—Dan Doyle, perhaps the greatest left back who ever played for Scotland, died yesterday at Glasgow.

False Tooth Causes Death.—Norah Annie King, a nurse employed by Lady Aske at Hull, has died after swallowing a false tooth.

542,403 Half-Crowns have now been given to wards Viscount Knutsford, "Mat Baines Crown Fund" for the London Hospital.

Kaiser Sees Kuhlmann.—The *Lokal-Anzeiger* states that the Kaiser's visit to Karlsruhe was to receive a report from Kuhlmann, and the audience concerned peace with Rumania.

King Albert's Birthday.—The Hon. Sir Arthur Wauchope waited upon the King yesterday to offer his Majesty's congratulations to King Albert on the occasion of his birthday.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

In a twenty rounds contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon Gumper, Edna Feathers beat Handsman Blake in the third round.

At the National Sporting Club Seanamh Joe Symonds beat Private Johnny Noble on points.

Mr. Eugene Corri, the referee, is lying seriously ill with pneumonia at his home at Westcliff-on-Sea.

GERMAN GUNS BUSY AGAINST BRITISH AND FRENCH

Our Line Advanced Slightly During Night East of Amiens.

MUTUAL GAS SHELLING AT ARMENTIERES.

German Strikers in Draft to Foe Battalion on Our Front—Violent Gunfire on the Oise.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

10.23 A.M.—We advanced our line slightly during the night on the south bank of the River Somme east of Vaire-sous-Corbie.

North of the Somme a few prisoners and a machine gun were captured by us in the neighbourhood of Neuville Vitasse.

The enemy's artillery has shown increased activity during the night on the whole of the British battle front.

Heavy hostile gas shelling has taken place also between Lens and the La Bassee Canal and east of Armentieres.

ENEMY DISORGANISED BY FAILURE OF PLANS.

Second Foe Army in Confusion, but Further Thrusts Expected.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY, FRANCE, Monday.—Just before dawn this morning a truly terrific bombardment developed somewhere north of the Somme, lasting about an hour, but down to the time of getting this message away I have not succeeded in learning the meaning of it.

The weather is very foggy and favourable to surprise attempts, but our troops are maintaining a ceaseless vigilance, more particularly as we may now expect the Germans to resume offensive operations on a grand scale at any time.

From eight o'clock last evening until midnight the Germans were heavily gas-shelling our positions around Armentieres and La Bassee, and we retaliated by putting over hundreds of gas projectiles.

We have now learnt definitely that the big attack launched on Friday by ten divisions of the army of General von der Marwitz had for its objective the capture of high ground around Bouzencourt, Mailly-Maillet and Colincamp.

This encounter developed into a pitched open battle, and although the enemy was in greatly superior numbers he made but very little headway.

Since then our counter-attacks have further minimised his gains.

Prisoners subsequently taken state that this failure considerably upset all plans since the German second army was so far disorganised by it that further serious effort could not be attempted for some days.

They also say that there is much confusion behind the enemy lines, and lack of liaison owing to so many people apparently not being quite clear just where they are.

Some prisoners of the 3rd Company of the 19th Infantry Reserve Regiment state that amongst a draft which recently joined their battalion were thirty men sent to the front for having participated in the strikes.—Reuter's Special.

KAISER INSPECTS THE BIG "MYSTERY GUN."

"Cannon Like a Crane Which Can Fire 80 Miles."

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Herr Karl Rosner, the war correspondent, writing in yesterday's *Lokal-Anzeiger*, says:—

"On March 21 the Kaiser inspected the giant gun which is bombarding Paris.

"It looks more like an enormous grey crane than a real gun, and it can fire a distance of eighty miles.

"On March 23 it fired a shorter distance than this, and the projectile took exactly 183 seconds to reach Paris, its objective."—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday.—It is announced that in Saturday's bombardment of Paris by the German long-range gun there were no casualties.—Reuter.

It is officially announced that the report that one of the German long-range guns burst on March 25 is confirmed, and that a lieutenant and nine men were killed.

KARL COMING WEST.

ZURICH, Sunday.—The Emperor Karl will shortly visit the Austro-Hungarian troops on the western front, and a meeting with the Kaiser is likely to take place.

The visit will probably take place during the third phase of the battle.—Exchange.



There has been increased German artillery activity on the whole British battle front.

BRITISH MARINES LAND AT VLADIVOSTOK.

Japanese Land 300 Bluejackets To Help Restore Order.

Official confirmation has been received by both British and Japanese quarters that Japanese and British bluejackets have been landed at Vladivostok, says Reuter.

Japanese official telegrams from Tokio state that on Thursday last armed bands in broad daylight raided and pillaged the premises of Japanese business houses in the town and that three Japanese were killed.

The whole of Vladivostok is in a most unsatisfactory condition. The police do not maintain order; on the contrary, the local militia invite trouble, and there is no effective police protection of Japanese life and property.

In consequence the Japanese Consul and Admiral Kato decided to land between 200 and 300 bluejackets on Friday morning. In the afternoon of the same day about fifty British bluejackets were sent ashore to co-operate in the restoration of order and to assist the Japanese in the protection of their respective nationals.

It is pointed out that these troubles are local, and that it is solely in this connection that the landing became necessary. It has no relation to any so-called Japanese intervention in Siberia nor to any movement of a wider character than that intimated.

Telegrams from the Far East state that it is expected that Americans will also land, but so far there is no news that they have actually done so.

The latest news from Siberia is to the effect that numbers of German officer prisoners have been sent eastward, says Reuter.

A Tokio Reuter message says that some of the attacks made on Japanese residents were of such a revolting description as to indicate almost certainly that they had been perpetrated by German prisoners.

AMERICANS REPULSE HUNS WITH THEIR BAYONETS.

How Two German Attacks on Our Ally's Trenches Were Smashed.

PARIS, Sunday.—A dispatch from the American front gives a vivid description of the work of our latest Ally in battle. It says:—

"On Friday evening the enemy at two points attempted to capture possession of American trenches.

"The first attack was easily repulsed. When the second was made the German troops were allowed to approach as far as the system of barbed wire.

"Fire was then opened on them, and a little later the American infantry dashed to the assault and drove back the attackers.

"The first enemy trench was cleared and its occupants forced to retire to the support trenches.

"The American artillery replied by extremely violent fire to the activity of the enemy artillery, and reduced two of his batteries to silence."—Reuter.

TRAINS OF HUN DEAD.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A frontier message states that Brussels is converted into one large hospital filled with the wounded from the recent German offensive.

Trains are arriving continually laden with wounded. The patients are isolated by day.

Scores of trains laden with corpses have been sent to Germany. These travelled through Antwerp, and no one was allowed either by day or night to go near the stations.—Exchange.

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"Measures have been taken successfully to meet this German onslaught. The French have gathered a powerful army commanded by a most able and trusted leader and this army is now moving swiftly to our help, and fresh British divisions are being thrown in.

NO GIVING WAY.

"The Canadians are soon to be engaged. Our motor-machine-gun brigade has already played a most gallant part, and once again covered itself with glory.

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realise that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way.

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"On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome this enemy. With God's help you shall achieve victory once more.

"(Signed) A. W. CURRIE, Lieut.-general Commanding Canadian Corps."

AMIENS STILL GOAL AT WHICH HUNS ARE AIMING.

Germans Recuperating Exhausted Troops—"Situation Uncertain."

PARIS, Monday.—Reuter's expert commentator writes:—There is as yet no reason to regard the attack on Hill 34 as an indication of a forthcoming offensive in this sector.

Nor does the Chauny-Barisis affair seem to point to any new departure of a general nature. It is still in the direction of Amiens that the great mass of German reserves is being moved—it is still the town that is the goal of the imperial command, although the latter is forced for the moment to interrupt the forward movement of the troops owing to their exhaustion and heavy losses.

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—"The general strategic and tactical position of the Allies is becoming more favourable," says the War Department's weekly review.

"The German offensive has not spent itself, and, owing to the determination displayed by the enemy to gain some sort of success, at no matter what cost, the situation will continue to be uncertain for some time to come."—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday.—Writing of the expected German attack, M. Marcel Hutin says in the *Echo de Paris*:—

"Whether the Boche recommences his attack north or the Somme towards Arras or even about Armentieres and La Bassee no one can tell, but it is now impossible for the enemy, no matter what they attempt, to effect a break between the French and British Armies.

"As to the rest, Foch, Petain and Haig are on the watch."—Exchange.

U.S. RED HOT SHIP WORK.

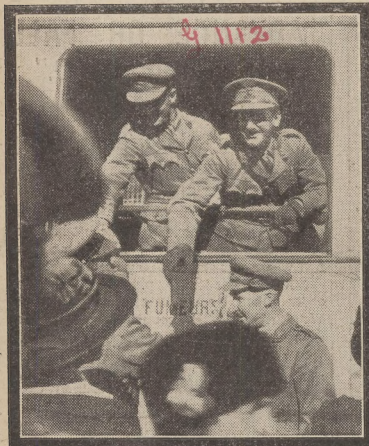
All records for the driving of buttonhead rivets in shipwork, a New York message says, are believed to have been broken by the team of the Submarine Boat Corporation's yard in a nine hours' day last week.

August Echstein, a riveter, and his crew drove 966 rivets.

Echstein worked at such speed that an extra heater and an extra passer-boy were required.—American Wireless.

MEN WHO HAVE COME BACK FROM A PRISON CAMP.

SACRIFICE



Officers bidding farewell to old friends.



Waving a last good-bye from the windows of the homeward-bound train.

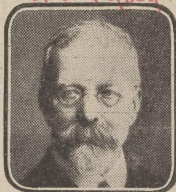


Signaller H. Booker, who stayed behind in the face of a terrific fire, save his pigeons (of which he was very fond), and died in the attack being killed by a Hun shell.



A last handshake.

A party of repatriated British soldiers recently left Chateau d'Oex, in Switzerland, for England. (Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)



NEW JUDGE.—The Right Hon. James O'Connor, K.C., appointed Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court in Ireland.



APPOINTMENT.—Mr. G. W. Currie, M.P., who has just been appointed adviser to the Ministry of Munitions.

ARMED AGAINST THE GREAT SUN OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST



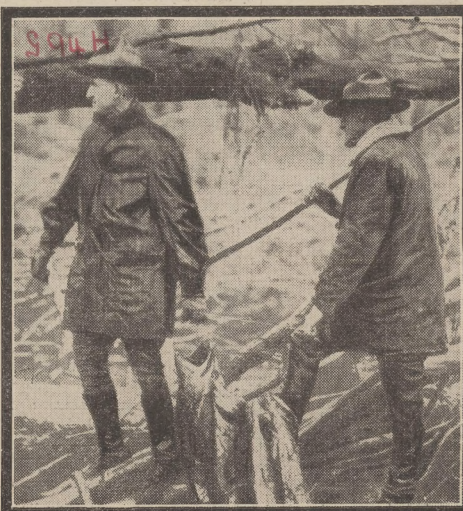
A number of our boys who but a few days ago were taking part in the great offensive by the Huns are now protecting themselves against the sunshine and sea breezes in Devon. They have been carried from the beds and provided with umbrellas to keep off the sun's rays.

BRISTOL'S TRIBUTE TO NAVY.



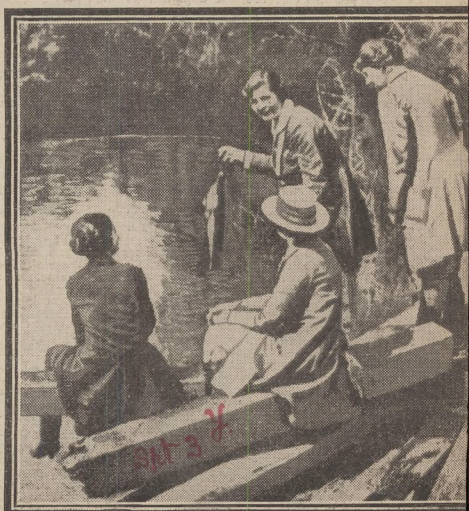
Officers and men of the Royal Navy were entertained at dinner at Bristol, the Lord Mayor presiding. The procession passing the Council House.

SUPPLYING THEIR OWN RATIONS.



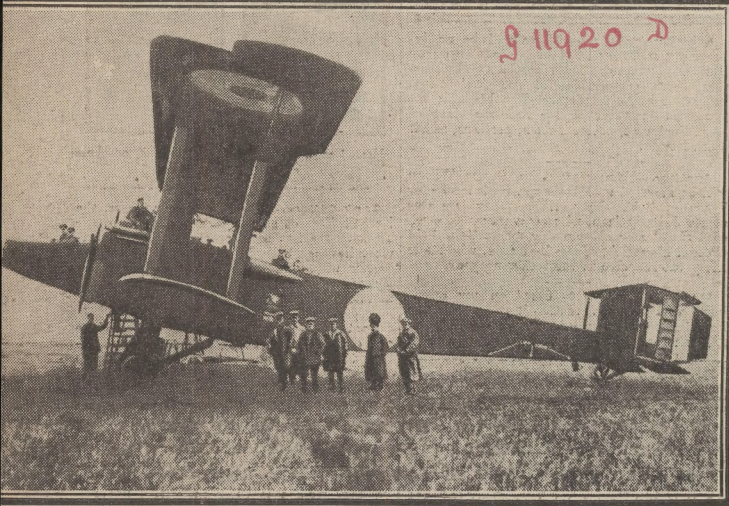
Students at the Third Officers' Training School at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, fishing for salmon in the Wisqually River. It makes a welcome addition to the menu.

AMERICA'S SWEET GIRL ANGLERS.

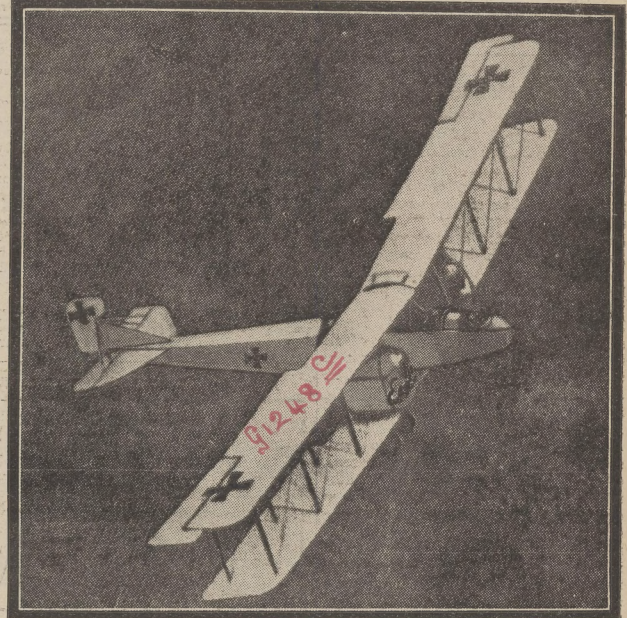


Girl jockeys at the Pinehurst Races in America catch their own for luncheon from the waters of Chandler's Pond. One of them exhibits her catch with evident pride.

A GIFT FROM PROVIDENCE"—KAISER ON A CAPTURED AEROPLANE.



A huge British aeroplane which was captured by the Germans.



This Gotha was modelled on one of our Handley Page machines.

A large British aeroplane was recently brought down in Germany. It was inspected by the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. "These will be the machines to destroy London," observed the Crown Prince cheerfully. "It is a gift from Providence," remarked the Kaiser, in a more pious strain, adding: "Does it not show that God fights for us?" Many machines on a similar model have now been constructed in Germany, and it is stated that by June last Germany possessed a fleet of sixty of these weapons.



ATH.—Lieut. Col. S. J. Smith, D.S.O., M.C., who has been reported to have been in action during the offensive.

"MENTIONED."—Sister Miss A. Parker, who has been mentioned in Gen. Sir Stanley Maude's Mesopotamia dispatch.

KILLED.—Capt. F. Nash, M.C. (with bar), who has been killed in action during the present German offensive.

WAR VICTIM.—Capt. Noel Forbes Humphreys, tank commander, who has been killed. He was a prominent Rugby player.

LADY DEPUTY MASTER OF BEAGLES.

A WIMBLEDON WEDDING.



Mr. Bryan Thursby Pelham, K.O.S.B., and Miss Adelita Vaughan were married at St. Peter's Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon.

WINNER OF ALBERT MEDAL.



Captain Fiske, with his wife. He has received the Albert Medal for saving a man's life at imminent peril to himself during a bomb accident.



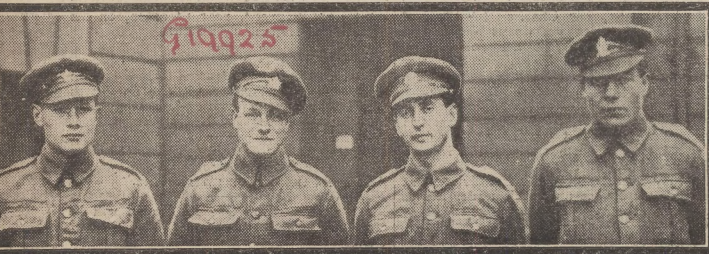
Miss Shead is acting deputy-master of the Rivervale Beagles, while the master, Major W. Russell-Johnson, is on active service. Going to a view.

A "TOMMY'S" WORK FOR THE "TOMMIES."



Convalescent soldiers are selling home-made mascots. The profits go to the cigarette fund for those who are still able to get about.

FOUR HAPPY FIGHTING MEN BACK ON BRITISH SOIL.



From left to right: Private H. Lillie (Canadian Mounted Rifles), Private F. Brett (Canadians), Private R. Gibson (Middlesex Regiment), Rifleman J. Moore (Royal Irish Rifles). Four prisoners of war who recently succeeded in escaping from Germany to England.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1918

FIRST-AID FOR TRAVELLERS.

A WAR trial that has hitherto been borne without too much grumbling is the ever-growing multitude of people travelling in an ever-decreasing number of trains.

"Further sweeping reductions" are in contemplation, it seems: and that may apply, not only to the trains that carry unwearied war workers to places remote from air raids, but also to the urban trains that take us home, wearied from our war work.

In fact, London has never been so full.

It is the centre of our effort, and it is the place to which people on leave pour for recreation, even under the new restrictions. "One must get about somehow." Hence the really appalling over-crowding of all vehicles. . . . Hence, too, a debate within himself of the war worker, as, each day, he prepares to get across the town.

Shall he go by 'bus?

Anything but that!

Anything but the fierce attempt to board the already packed vehicle. If you succeed, what awaits you? You must stand upon the toes of another, or have another standing on your toes. And in the mêlée, as you hang and sway according to the jolts of the Juggernaut, comes the polite conductor, and drives, on duty, into the mass of humanity, elbows past it, blinds it, blacks its eyes, fares-pleases its positions pitilessly! No, not by 'bus. To travel thus is to compel an unreasonable but profound misanthropy.

By train then?

Sight of the queue at the ticket office is already discouraging.

Then, by tube, you have the lifts with the won't-move-ups standing huddled at the entrance; the strap-hangers refusing to move up the car; the impossibility of getting out once well down the car; the won't-move-ups in the lift out.

In the other Underground?

Much the same. And here perhaps an even greater persistence, on the part of the well-meaning guards and goaders, to induce the sheep-like crowd to "move right down the car." When it is obvious that a car is absolutely packed, so that not one more human being could conceivably get into it, how is it that patiently, perseveringly, these good hard-worked men permit others to storm it, and continue to shout "move right up the car, please!" when, clearly, nobody in the car can possibly move hand or foot a further inch in any direction? Why do they do this? Why also does the sheep-like flock outside insist upon bitterly forcing impossible entrance, just as "passengers out first, please," are please trying to get out first? Nobody explains. Nobody will wait. To none does it occur to give the next train a chance. And one cannot wonder! There may not be another train, under the new reductions, for a long time.

What then? What can we do?

We can walk.

We can begin by walking. We can determine to walk. Then as the walk lengthens, and the suburbs or centres seem further than ever, and grey war thoughts multiply, and noise seems to grow every moment, and people look uglier and oneself looks ugliest, one wishes, after all, one had battled for a train. That would have been fiercer. But it would have been shorter.

Anything for a short war. . . . W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 8.—Ground intended for runner beans should be deeply dug over and manured as soon as possible. Seed must not, however, be sown in the open until early May.

It is a simple matter to obtain an early crop of this vegetable if a few boxes are sown at this date. Use good sandy soil and set the seeds a few inches apart. Place the boxes in a cold frame, which must be kept closed for a time. Planting out can take place towards the end of next month. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things.—Bacon.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

EXEMPT M.P.s.

Mr. Dillon's Debut as Leader—"Princess Mary's Own" Corps of Helpers.

ONE is told that there is no intention of making M.P.s liable to military service under the new Bill. It is likely, however, that many members will show a good example by voluntarily going into the Army. The House has already lost some of its most popular members on the field of battle.

Under Age.—There are several M.P.s under fifty. For example, there are two well-known Pacifists, Mr. Philip Morrell and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby. Several other peaceful M.P.s look less than fifty.

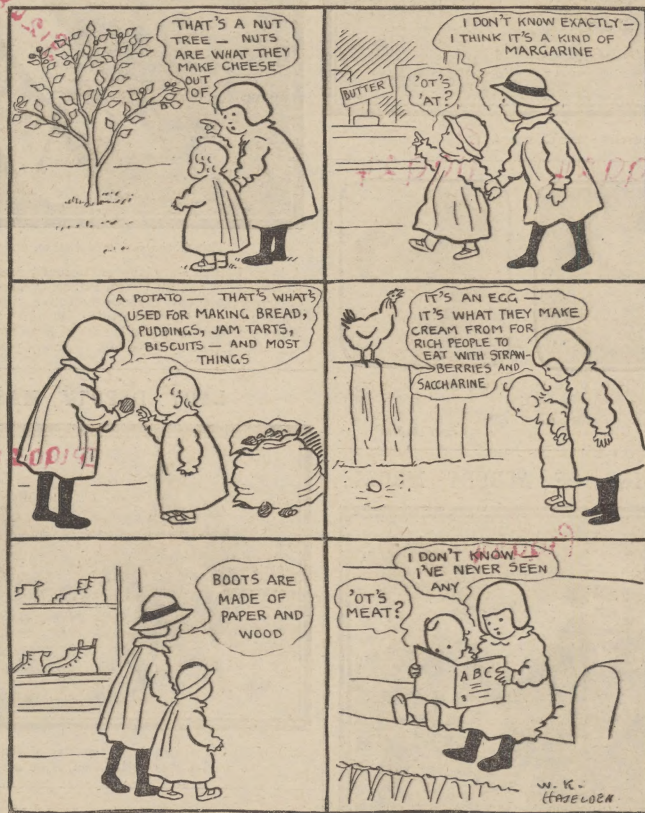
A Rally in Force.—At Westminster they anticipate a bigger gathering of Irish members to-day than has been seen lately. Natural-

Scottish Wedding.—There will be an interesting wedding at Aberdalgie Church on Saturday, when the Hon. Bertha Dewar marries Captain Stainton, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The bride is the youngest daughter by his first marriage of Lord Forteviot, better known, perhaps, as Sir John Dewar.

Another.—To-morrow Miss Agnes Wilson will be married at Edinburgh to Commander Thomson, R.N. She is the younger daughter of Sir John Wilson, who owns many Scottish collieries. Her elder sister married in 1914 Colonel Monteith, of the Bedfordshire, who made the great sacrifice in the following year.

Monica's Blue Girl?—I sat in my omnibus next a W.A.A.C. with the blue hospital band on her arm. "It's worth being ill," she said, "to be treated like a real

A WAR CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE UP TO DATE.



As the war goes on the numbers increase of little children who have never known what it is to be at peace! For these it will gradually become necessary to devise a new system of education, especially in regard to the names and meanings of war goods and "substitutes."—(Ey W. K. Haselden.)

ally, they all want to see how Ireland fares under the Man-Power Bill, and are also looking forward to Mr. Dillon's debut as leader.

Plucky Irish M.P.—Mr. William Field, M.P., was saying the other day that he always goes to bed and sleeps through an air raid. "I don't know what nerves are," he said, "and I shall certainly never die of fright."

Again Decorated.—Among the decorations noted to-day is the M.C. awarded to Captain Sowrey, of the Air Service. During some engagements he has indulged in the British airman's favourite sport of flying low and annoying the Hun infantry with his machine gun.

Slanguage.—The austere London Gazette becomes quite colloquial in its admiration for the deeds of our heroes. It refers in a recent paragraph to "mopping up" operations.

"The Curfew Bell" Charm.—Have you seen the curfew bell charms? They are made in most metals from silver to platinum with a pearl for a tongue.

soldier and go to their hospital; though we have a special form. And do look at my identification disc. Just like the men's?"

Notabilities.—As, yesterday, I noticed Sir Robert Hudson, Sir Charles Russell, and many of the most prominent dealers in London at Christie's, I am inclined to think that the latest Red Cross Sale will be a gigantic success. Lady Wernher was a big bidder.

"Princess Mary's Own."—There were two pretty girls in Red Cross kit at Christie's sale. On their shoulders was the legend, "Princess Mary's Detachment." This means that they were trained with the Princess at Buckingham Palace and work under her as commandant now.

Academy Pictures.—There will be plenty of war pictures at the Academy when it opens. Mr. William Orpen hopes to finish in time for the opening the portrait which he is doing of the young airman V.C., Captain McCudden.



Mrs. Heath, wife of Col. Heath, C.M.G., has worked in hospitals and on munitions.



Miss Isabel Elsom, appearing in the new bill at the New Theatre, inaugurated last night.

Tank Officer.—The Hon. Denys Scott, the Earl of Eldon's son, is now a captain in the Tanks. He has seen much and varied service, having been in South Africa in an earlier war, and later in Gallipoli and in Egypt. All this, however, was done in the mounted branch.

Resigned.—His many friends in Yorkshire and elsewhere will be sorry to hear that Captain the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan Howard is obliged to lay down his commission owing to poor health. Eldest son of Lord Howard of Glossop, he married the Baroness Beaumont in the year of the war's outbreak.

De Natural.—A Colonial officer who has not been in London for twelve years says that the most noticeable characteristic he finds in the younger women is their delightful naturalness. They have become perfectly friendly and easy, without a vestige of affectation. "Is it the effect of the war?" he asks.

New Piece.—Mr. Israel Zangwill, with his new play, "Too Much Money," has succumbed to the new fashion of matinee productions. The premiere is this afternoon at the Ambassadors. Miss Lillah McCarthy is the leading lady, and Miss Lettice Fairfax will play a character described on the programme as a "struggle-for-lifer."

Labels.—Indeed, all the characters are labelled on the programme, in a style that recalls the old-fashioned pantomimes. "A Butler with Soul" will be played by Mr. Stephen Wentworth. Also figuring in the cast is "the lady lap-dog Isolde."

Child Portraiture.—The Hon. Stephen Tennant, Lady Glenconner's little son, is enjoying having his portrait painted by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, for the artist has a small boy of his own at Eton, and can also tell some interesting sea yarns.

The New-Fashioned Child.—More effects of the war! The modern girl-child will not have a "pinny" at any price. She wants an overall "like mother's." The small boys demand a white linen overcoat.

A New Market.—A stationer in the City is convinced that he has captured a new market. He is turning out special super-thin stationery ready for the aerial post to India and Africa—when every ounce will count.

Paper Saving.—Yesterday an envelope arrived at this office neatly constructed out of a page from an old magazine. These coverings are made by disabled soldiers at an Ebury-street depot, and look quaint as well as save paper.

A Racing Peer.—In sporting circles they say that Lord Londonderry, who owns the champion filly of last season, Benvenute, intends racing on a still bigger scale. After securing Bedford Lodge at Newmarket, he has now bought Red Lodge.

A Famous Match.—The yellow and lilac jacket has been famous on the Turf for over a century. According to tradition, one of the present peer's ancestors staked the family estates at Wynyard, near Stockton, on his horse Hambletonian in a match.

Missing.—Captain A. J. Evans, M.C., reported missing, is the famous Oxford cricket Blue. He has already made one dangerous and thrilling escape from the Germans. Captain Evans is in the Royal Flying Corps.

Bottled Babies.—An inscription noticed on a milk-cart in Fleet-street yesterday was "Families supplied in glass bottles."

A Wedding.—The Guards' Chapel will be crowded to-morrow, when that popular Guardsman and sportsman, Mr. R. L. Dunville, marries Miss Phyllis Combe. The bride's mother is Lady Jane Combe, who, by the way, is a daughter of the third Marquis of Conyngham, and thus aunt to the present peer.

THE RAMBLER.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GREY-HAIRED

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Gratis "Test" Treatment for All Who Desire to Restore Youthful Hair Colour.

THERE is a wide gulf separating the Grey-Haired man and woman from those around them.

"Grey-haired" is a stigma unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear this sign of old age without the least need to.

For grey hair has been conquered by the discovery of a wonderful new preparation which is not a dye or stain, but actually, when applied to the hair, restores its true, original colour within the hair.

Women particularly who are grey or turning grey, and who feel that, whilst so many men are keeping fit and well trained in the great British Army, they are getting older, this unique discovery will affect.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair-polluting dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness.

"Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natural colour. "Few Minutes-a-Day" Method which never fails.



Grey-haired women, and men, too, are often surprised to find themselves left out of the pleasures of life. They are considered too old. Why not let "Astol" give you back that youthful appearance by permanently restoring your hair colour?

"Astol," as the evidence of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, does and will immediately restore your lost hair colour. This statement you are invited to test free of cost or obligation.—(See Coupon Below.)

CONTENTS OF FREE 'ASTOL' OUTFIT

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which, applied for a few minutes to the hair in the morning, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."
3. A copy of an interesting book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," which explains the use of "Astol."

The treatment only takes up about two minutes a day. A "Cremex" Shampoo is delightfully refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp and is very soothing to a tired brain or nerves. "Astol" hustles languid, weak and inactive colouring cells into healthy activity once more.

Readers will learn with interest that the discovery of "Astol" is due to the inventor-discoverer of Harlene "Hair-Dr." and the hundreds of thousands who have adopted this "Back-to-Youth" Astol method are now congratulating themselves that they have taken years from their appearance.

Send for your complete "Astol" Outfit. Test it freely and without obligation. Once you have seen how quickly "Astol" restores your hair colour you can obtain further supplies from any chemist at 3s. and 5s. a bottle. "Cremex" is 1s. 1d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d.). Or you may order free, on remittance, from Edwards' Harlene Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra. Foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

EDWARDS' CREMEX SHAMPOO POWDER

ASTOL

FREE TO ALL GREY-HAIRED MEN & WOMEN

"ASTOL" FREE GIFT COUPON.

Cut out and Post this Gift Form To-day,
EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD.,
20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit-Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READERS.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, put this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope Sample Dep.)

Daily Mirror, 9/4/18.

THE SECRET WIFE

By JOHN CARDINAL

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NORA WYNNE, secretly married to **TONY HERRICK**, a clerk employed by **GEORGE SHEFFIELD**, allows Sheffield to take her out and about the town while Tony is away in the North on business. When Tony returns he takes her with this, and they quarrel bitterly.

"TELL HIM YOURSELF!"

TONY'S denunciation spent itself at last. For what seemed to him a very long time he stared at Nora half unseeing. . . and, indeed, it was not until he had gathered round her that he realised the full meaning of her steady eyes.

She had shrunk from him, winced before that fierce onslaught of blunt jealousy and angry suspicion. Nora did not shrink now, but stood there unmoving. . . she felt very patient and very cold.

"You've finished?" There was no sarcasm whatever in her utterance. Nora spoke it quite calmly.

"Finished!" he echoed, bitterly. "Isn't it enough, Nora—to come back here and find all the clerks in the office gossiping about George Sheffield and you? Enough! I hadn't been back an hour when Ferrers came in to me full of it. . . the way Sheffield was struck on you, and all the rest. . . I could have knocked him down. Ferrers telling me carefully that he thought you were a pretty girl, and wise enough, as well as being pretty, to know how to get on the right side of one of the richest men in London. Jest! . . . at your expense. . . telling me that it wouldn't be long before the boss would be a bachelor any more. He knew the signs, did Ferrers—so he told me. And I had to sit there and listen very attentively, and pretend to laugh!"

Nora's eyes were fathomless still, but she spoke with cold and unrelenting scorn.

"I think I should have done the other thing, Tony—if I'd been a man."

"What's that?" Tony jerked it out amazedly. "What do you mean?"

"Knocked him down," Nora retorted coldly. "But you only thought of it. Well, you're free, Tony—I don't think that you ever really wanted me. You only thought you did, and that is . . . so different."

Nora moved past him; Tony was utterly bewildered. He cried out, "What are you doing, Nora?"

"Going," Nora said. She tugged at the handle of the door into the outer passage. "Open the door for me, Tony—at once." She tapped smartly on the locked door; it was the only sign of any emotion.

"You're not going, Nora! What am I to say to Sheffield?"

"What you like," Nora retorted indifferently. "And you'll be able to discuss me as much as you please with your friend Ferrers; I shan't mind."

Tony made an immense effort to persuade himself that this was really Nora, that he knew it was Nora. But his senses were oddly dulled. . . disaster seemed to be creeping upward over him relentlessly like a cold and bitter tide.

He clutched the key of the door in his pocket. The touch of the key represented the one tangible thing with which he could grapple with the situation.

"But you're not going, I tell you. What about Sheffield?" he persisted stupidly, striving for time.

Nora looked at him. . . unweakening. And then something drove into her like a spear to split that icy indifference to which she had hitherto clung. . . the touch of the key represented the one primal desire to return cruelly for cruelty—to make Tony suffer as he had made her suffer by that blind, unreasoning attack on her.

"Oh, Sheffield," she said. "You can congratulate me on my good taste about me. . . he'd like that, perhaps; all men do. You can tell him I'm a pretty girl—if you can bring yourself to exaggerate. If I am after George Sheffield's money, Tony—you've told me I am—you've told the friend at court. . . you're on the spot."

Nora had wanted him to suffer. She had her desire. It was Tony who winced now. Tony seemed to mutter to himself; his lips were parted, but no word came out.

"Oh, I forgot. . . " Nora found something that hurt him afresh, that bewildered him still more. And Nora was past all pity for him. She thought of him, and she knew that she was all right. George Sheffield knows now about—my unfortunate marriage. . .

Tony gaped at her unbelievably.

"You told him that?"

"He told me out; it comes to the same thing. I suppose. But he doesn't know yet that it's you who is my husband. I've no objection to your telling him—if you choose. If I were you, I shouldn't tell him; I'm very certain he wouldn't have you in the office another hour if he knew."

Tony blazed out, savagely: "I don't care whether he knows or not."

And again he stopped dead. There were a dozen things he wanted very urgently to say, but he could not voice one of them. He could only stand there, glaring sullenly at Nora—Nora, who was very far away from him in this moment—and wondering dimly if he had ever really known Nora. And of course it must all be true about Nora and George Sheffield—this proved it. That misty, persisting undercurrent of thought was the biggest torture to Tony; it became definite and strong, and hammered at his brain.

"That's for you to decide," said Nora, in her queer, toneless voice. "You won't find him very pleased if you do tell him, that's all. I'm telling you for your own good."

"It's kind of you to be so considerate," Tony sneered; but Nora went on, undisturbed:—"George Sheffield thinks that my husband

has deserted me. As you are deserting me, Tony—if you knew, Give me the key, please."

There was evident finality in that. Nora was not going to say anything more. An immeasurable sense of loss seemed to Tony to leap out of nowhere and to sweep over him. If Nora went now she would never come back—any decision she came to now was final. His fingers tightened on the key in his pocket; he did not move as Nora pulled savagely at the door.

"I'm not going to open it," Tony announced grimly.

"Then I'll go the other way. You needn't trouble to open it, thank you!"

And Nora wheeled round; in what seemed an incredibly swift space of time, she had rounded the table, and was standing before the other door. Tony had never thought she would dare to go that way. . . for how could she explain such an abrupt departure to Sheffield—Sheffield, who was only waiting till he could get rid of his visitor.

"Nora! You can't."

"Indeed I can," Nora retorted. Just one more second, during which she forced composure upon herself, and then the other door opened firmly, and Nora passed through it. She even shut the door carefully behind her.

"CAPTAIN RUSSELL!"

AS it closed Tony found himself alone in the room; he went hopelessly across the room, well knowing that it was now too late, that he could do nothing. Nora had gone. . . it was irrevocable. She had no word more to say to him. She wanted nothing more to do with him. Tony cursed George Sheffield for being George Sheffield, cursed himself for a fool. And yet—what else could have happened? He strove unavailingly to find some shred of consolation in that.

Hadn't Nora admitted the truth of all that he had said. . . She had not defended herself against his accusations; she had denied nothing of them. He knew where he stood, at least. Tony reflected grimly. But that didn't seem to help much. Nora had gone. Tony flung himself into a chair and tried to think clearly, but every thought came back to that—Nora had gone. . . he had no right to try to see her again. . . all the hopes he had cherished during those lonely days at Manchester had come to this. Nora didn't want him, and that was an end to everything. . .

In the other room Sheffield was deep in conversation with a visitor. It gave him a start suddenly to be conscious of Nora standing near. He sprang up, he noticed only that Nora was smiling and holding out her hand.

"I found you," he protested, blankly disappointed. "Sheffield," she explained ordinarily. "I had no idea time had slipped along so—I've to meet my sister. . . " George Sheffield's face fell.

"Another minute. . . really. . . we had just finished," he protested, blankly disappointed. His visitor didn't wait for Sheffield's warning nod, but got up also. "Are you sure you can't stop?"

Nora nodded with great decision. "Quite sure. . . we've to get to the Strand at once—it's important."

Sheffield said quickly that it would be no use to try to persuade her otherwise; he walked to the door with her. "It's very unfortunate. But I'll come again."

He asked it doubtfully. And he brightened wonderfully at Nora's answer, given without hesitation; she certainly would, and she would let him know when to expect her—she wouldn't surprise him next time.

Nora walked along hurriedly till she managed to board an omnibus. That odd smile with which she had said good-bye to George Sheffield remained on her face. . . she knew a queer feeling that the whole of the last month had passed away from her, and wouldn't trouble her, not even in memory. . . a not uncomfortable sensation that she was beginning life over again.

It seemed to be her only chance, to meet all that had happened a blank. It should be a blank. Nora resolutely determined on that. It was all done with. . . and what was the good of worrying about it any more? And, in the room where she had left Tony, the miserably trying to bring himself to the same way of thinking. . . also without success.

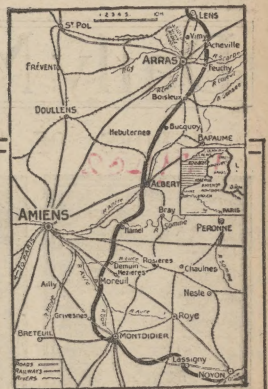
Glady's was at Mr. Wynne's office before her, waiting in the stuffy, irregular-shaped room, with all the depressing tin boxes, pretending she was an important client, she told Nora. And she added impatiently that she had wanted to see Mr. Wynne, but didn't think she could nerve herself to wait any longer. The place made her feel all dried up and dusty inside herself. . . she didn't suppose that solid, dingy rampart of deed boxes had been moved an inch in the last dozen years. Her father had been closed with a client the last half-hour.

"Well, I don't feel like waiting, either," Nora agreed. "Let's get on, then."

But she had scarcely finished speaking when Mr. Wynne's door opened, and a young man came out rather hurriedly, like a prisoner glad to escape. He hadn't shut the door behind him before Glady's had jumped up and was shaking hands.

"This is Captain Russell, Nora," she explained excitedly—"Madge Russell's brother." She turned to Dick Russell. "If I had known it was you keeping me waiting all this dreary time I should have come in and hurried you up!"

There will be another fine instalment of this splendid romance to-morrow.



Are YOU helping to save Amiens?

THE greatest battle of all the ages is being waged within nine miles of Amiens.

With a splendour of devotion which dims all previous achievements even in this War of glorious deeds, our men are facing a hell of high explosives and poison gas and flame.

They have sworn that the Hun shall not pass—that Amiens shall not be captured, and they are freely laying down their lives that their word may be kept.

At home here we watch breathlessly the swaying of the mighty struggle. Amiens stands as a symbol of our insular security.

The resolute and gallant men who are defending it are defending far more than a Cathedral City of old France—they are defending London against attack and England against invasion.

Our existence, our very daily bread is at stake. With the fall of Amiens, and any part of the Channel coast line at the mercy of the Hun, the Channel itself would become a highway for the German submarines, and not only the threat of invasion, but the grim spectre of starvation would stare us in the face.

Are you helping to save Amiens?—to save Calais?—to save London?—to save England?

You are not called upon to play an heroic part—the element of sacrifice is absent from your task—but because of that it is no less vital. The call to you and to every civilian is to lend freely and immediately of your money—to invest now every penny you can scrape together in National War Bonds.

Our men in front of Amiens are pouring out their blood in your defence—you must pour out your money for their support.

HELP to save Amiens BUY

National War Bonds

Daily Mirror

HEROES OF THE M.C.



Capt. (Acting Maj.) Robert Alexander Wolfe-Murray, of the Gordon Highlanders, who has been awarded the M.C. for conspicuous gallantry.

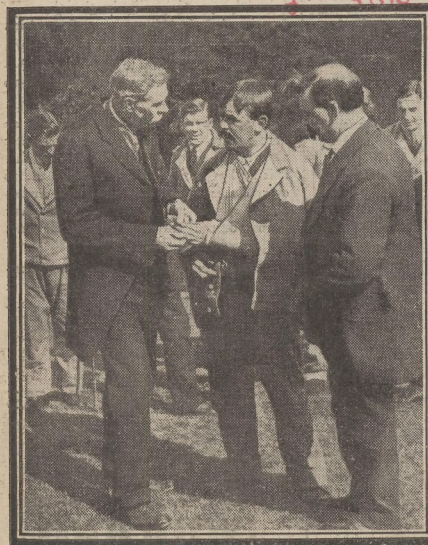


Captain F. Sowrey, D.S.O., awarded M.C. for shooting down in less than two months two Albatross scouts, a Rumpler two-seater and a Fokker.

SHOP STEWARDS VISIT HOSPITAL.



A practical demonstration at the bedside.



A chat with one of the wounded inmates.

A deputation of the shop stewards of the Tees and Tynne paid a visit to the Manor House Hospital, which they are helping to support.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE SUNKEN FLORIZEL AND THE RESCUE FLEET.



The rescue fleet assembled about the Red Cross liner Florizel, which was wrecked on the rocky coast of Newfoundland on February 23. The sun can be seen low on the eastern horizon.

THE GREAT POTATO OFFENSIVE IS NOW IN FULL SWING.



Hoeing the ground in their allotment.



A Daily Mirror prize competitor.

Convalescent soldiers at a London hospital are now hard at work in an effort to secure The Daily Mirror potato prize.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

NEW MODES.



Many of the new coats have detachable collars, the favourite colour being Scottish and tartan plaid. A different collar gives the coat a new appearance.



WOUNDED.—Lieut. Col. Lord Alexander Thynne, D.S.O., only brother of the Marquis of Bath, who, it is reported, has been recently wounded.



KILLED.—Major C. E. T. Lindsay, R.F.A., nephew of Lord Tredegar, who was killed in the course of the great battle in France on Easter Day.



FALLEN.—Lieut. Col. Roderick—Major Brown, D.S.O., who fell on March 25. He was well known before the war as an ardent sportsman and keen angler.

A NAVAL WEDDING.



Surgeon E. A. Fiddian, R.N., and Miss Marjorie Holdsworth, daughter of the Rev. W. W. Holdsworth, C.F., were married at the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Wandsworth.